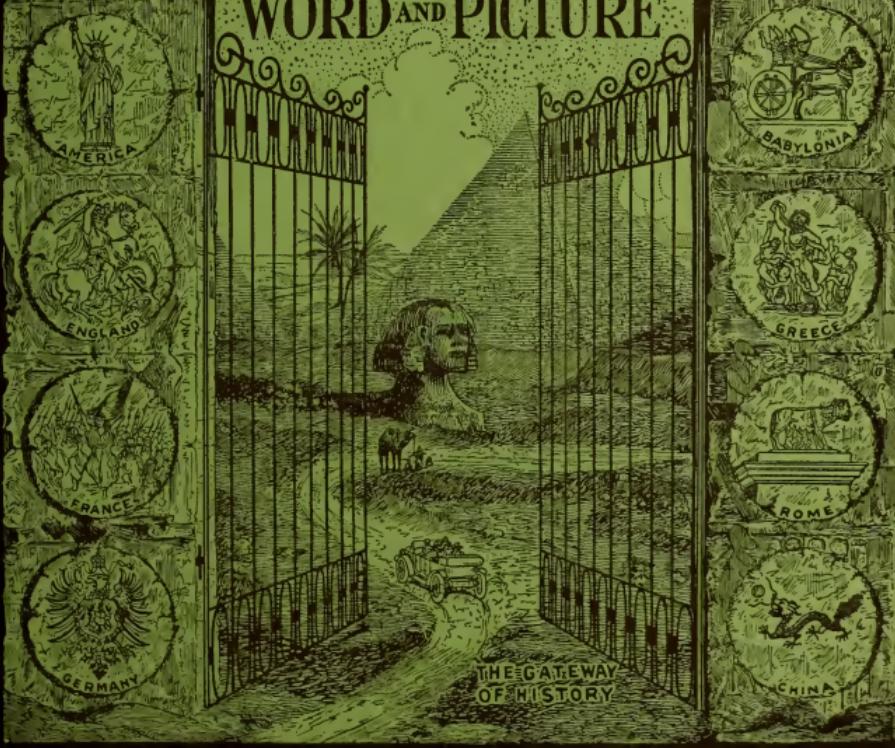


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THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS  
WITH  
ONE THOUSAND

OF  
THE  
WORLD'S FAMOUS EVENTS  
Portrayed in  
WORD AND PICTURE









GERMANY-III

E. HERGER

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## THE AWAKENING OF GERMANY

(Hermann Summons His Countrymen to Arms)

*After the painting by E. Herger, a contemporary German artist*

ROME conquered the civilized world. But she never succeeded in wholly subduing the wild Teutonic tribes of Germany. Roman legions did indeed invade the German forests, and made themselves masters in a general way of most of the regions along the Rhine; but their further progress was checked, and German freedom was preserved by the valor and skill of a single man, the first national hero of Germany, Hermann, or Arminius.

We know of Hermann only from his enemies, the Romans. But even in their antagonistic narratives, he stands out as a splendid and heroic figure. The Germans of the time were still barbarians, but the young chieftain Hermann, like many others of his countrymen, took service in the Roman legions, and thus learned much of civilization. His people were divided into many little tribes, and were therefore incapable of resisting Rome. Realizing the fate which Rome was preparing for his countrymen, this earliest of Germany's heroes deserted the imperial service and, going forth into the German forests, summoned the wild free warriors around him and explained to them their danger. In place after place he did this until at last he was able to unite practically all his people in a war for freedom. When the Roman legions attempted to penetrate farther into the land, they were twice completely defeated by Hermann. German liberty was thus made secure.



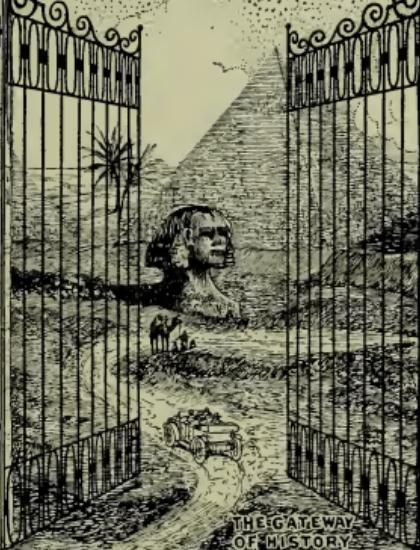


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Figure 10. A comparison of the two models.

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Volume Third



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### THE ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

(Mark Antony sways the Roman Mob to Avenge Cæsar)

*From the painting by P. Piatti, a contemporary Italian artist*

THE assassination of Julius Cæsar marked the last expiring effort of republican Rome. His followers seized prompt control of the city and of the world. Chief of the men who thus completed Cæsar's work of making Rome an empire was Mark Antony, the ablest of the great general's friends. The conspirators who slew Cæsar realized Antony's ability, and talked of killing him also; but Brutus, a sincere patriot and averse to adding further slaughter to the one death he had believed necessary for saving the republic, insisted on sparing Antony. The latter worked so craftily that he even won permission to make a funeral oration over Cæsar's body. In this speech he stirred the populace to a state of frenzy by reminding them of all Cæsar's services to the public; then as a climax he suddenly stripped the pall from Cæsar's body and let them gaze on all the gaping wounds. The mob in wild fury made an honorary funeral pyre for Cæsar by tearing down all the woodwork of the forum; and having thus burned his body they rushed forth to slay his murderers.

Our artist represents Cæsar's wife, Calphurnia, as being present at the funeral services and fainting over Antony's impassioned eloquence. Brutus and the other conspirators flee in terror from the excited mob. The conspirators escaped from Rome into Greece, and there gathered armies against Antony.







T



### THE VENGEANCE OF FULVIA

(Cicero's head presented to Fulvia the wife of Antony)

*From the painting by Paul Swedomski, a contemporary Russian artist*

THE power which Antony gained by his influence over the Roman mob was used so arbitrarily, that the celebrated orator Cicero came forth once more from private life and led the senate in opposition to Antony. He delivered fourteen celebrated orations against the new dictator, all of them speeches of most savage invective. Octavius, the young nephew and adopted son of Cæsar, also opposed Antony, who was driven from Rome. He promptly gathered his army and again there was civil war, Antony against Octavius, and both of them against Brutus. But Antony was shrewd as well as daring, he made a treaty with Octavius by which they agreed to share the power; and before marching against Brutus they arranged a general proscription or legalized slaughter of all their enemies in Rome.

Foremost on the list of the proscribed was Cicero, whom Antony had come, not unnaturally, to hate most savagely. Cicero fled, was pursued by Antony's soldiers and slain. His head and hands were cut off and sent to Rome, where Antony's wife, Fulvia, received them with fierce joy and thrust her bodkin through the tongue which had so bitterly scourged her pride, as well as that of her husband. The head and hands of Cicero were nailed up in the Forum upon the orator's platform, whence he had so often swayed his Roman audience.











## ANTONY MEETS HIS CONQUEROR

*Cleopatra comes at Antony's command and he sees the famous Queen for the first time)*

*From a painting by Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, the Dutch-English master*

FTER the death of Cicero, Antony and Octavius ruled Italy securely; but they had yet to meet the forces which Brutus and Cassius had been gathering in the East. The opposing armies met at Philippi in Greece, and Brutus and Cassius were both slain. Antony and Octavius now divided the world between them. Antony taking the East as his share journeyed through Asia, setting up or tearing down kings and governors at his will.

He was at Tarsus in Asia Minor when he summoned Cleopatra to come from Egypt to appear before him on the charge of having offended against Rome. She came; but if fear was in her heart, she masked it well. She sailed up the river to Tarsus in a wonderful barge. Its oars were silver; its sails and hangings of royal purple. Cleopatra was clothed as Venus and all her attendants were garbed as Cupids and as Graces. The people of Tarsus left the Tribunal of Antony and rushed forth to gaze on the splendid sight. Antony himself, overcome with admiration, was rowed out to meet the barge. Cleopatra welcomed him, not as her judge but as her comrade; and he became, as the great Cæsar had been before, her lover and her servitor.











## THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM

*(The Ships of Cleopatra desert Antony)*

*From an anonymous English print*

FOR Cleopatra, Antony abandoned the sovereignty of the world. He neglected affairs at Rome to dwell with her in Egypt. Once or twice he roused himself to effort, and proved that he could still cope with Octavius or any other foe. But chiefly he left the field of politics to Octavius, who gradually acquired complete control in Rome. Octavius won both the affection and the faith of the citizens by constantly promising to restore the forms of republican government as soon as Antony had completed the pacification of the world by reestablishing Roman supremacy in Asia.

As the years passed it became evident that Antony never would conquer Asia, that he took no further interest in asserting Rome's supremacy. It was even rumored that he planned to set Cleopatra by his side upon a Roman throne. So at last he was declared an enemy of Rome, and a fleet and army was sent out under Octavius to conquer him. The fleets met in battle off Actium, and Antony seemed likely to win, when suddenly Cleopatra, who had been supporting him with her Egyptian ships, fled from the battle. Antony took a swift galley and sped after her. His own ships, left bewildered and without a leader, surrendered to Octavius. Thus the rulership of all the world was tossed aside by a woman's fears and a man's devotion to her.











### CLEOPATRA'S LAST FEAST

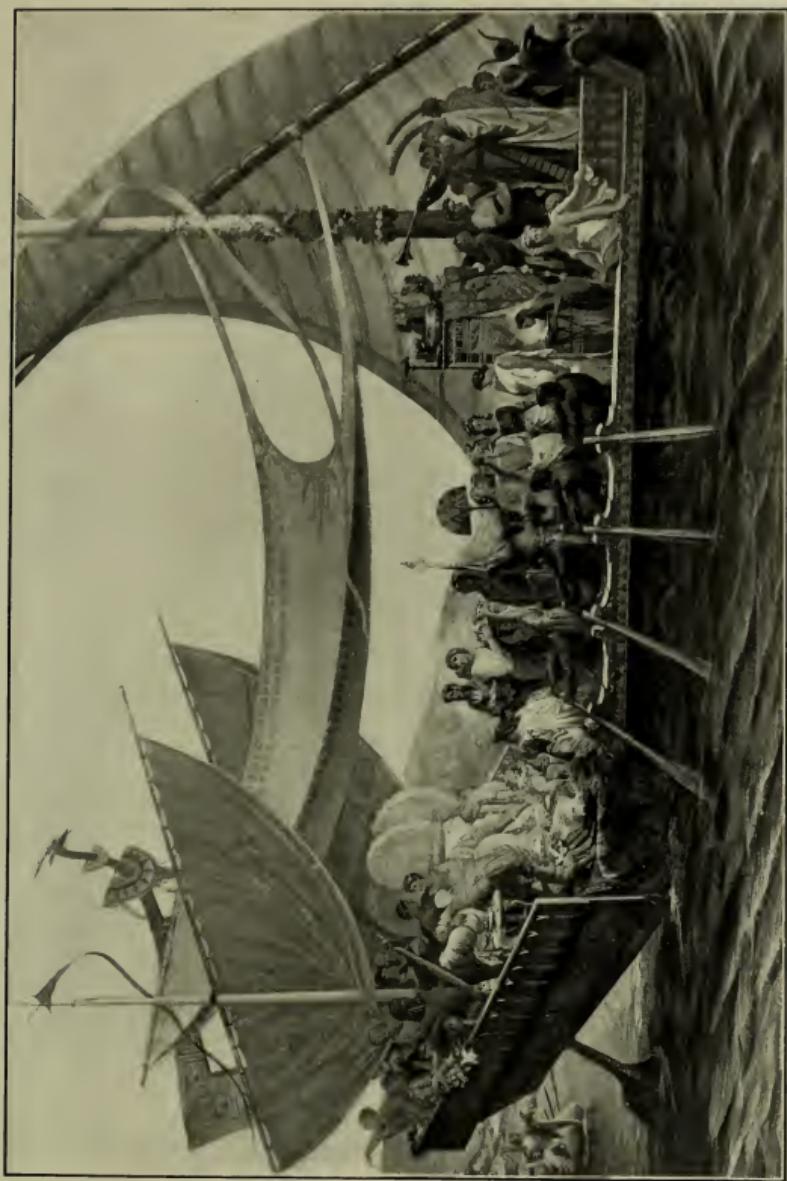
(A Revel in the Shadow of approaching Death)

*From a painting by Henri Pierre Picou, a recent French artist of Nantes*

THE tale of Antony and Cleopatra is one of the great love tragedies of history. The fascinated Antony pursued Cleopatra back to Egypt. But now she was afraid of him and avoided him. Gloomy and despairing he shut himself up in a strong tower near Alexandra prepared to defy all comers. The victorious Octavius did not follow them immediately. With characteristic caution, he spent a year in winning over the forces which Antony had abandoned. Then, when all Asia was assuredly his, he advanced against Egypt.

Cleopatra tried to make friends with the new conqueror. Doubtless she hoped to rule him as she had ruled Cæsar and Antony. But Octavius was made of other clay. He refused to see the enchantress, and now, convinced there was no other escape from being sent captive to Rome, she prepared for death. She sought Antony's comradeship once more. In one last day of revelry she sailed down the Nile in her barge of state, as she and Antony had so often done together. Then she shut herself in a tomb she had prepared, a sort of tower without a way of entrance. The rumor spread that she had committed suicide, and Antony stabbed himself for sorrow. Then, as we have already told in Egypt's story, she also welcomed death, poisoning herself. Thus Octavius was left master of the world, but his rivals had escaped beyond reach of his vengeance.











### THE TEMPLE OF THE CÆSARS

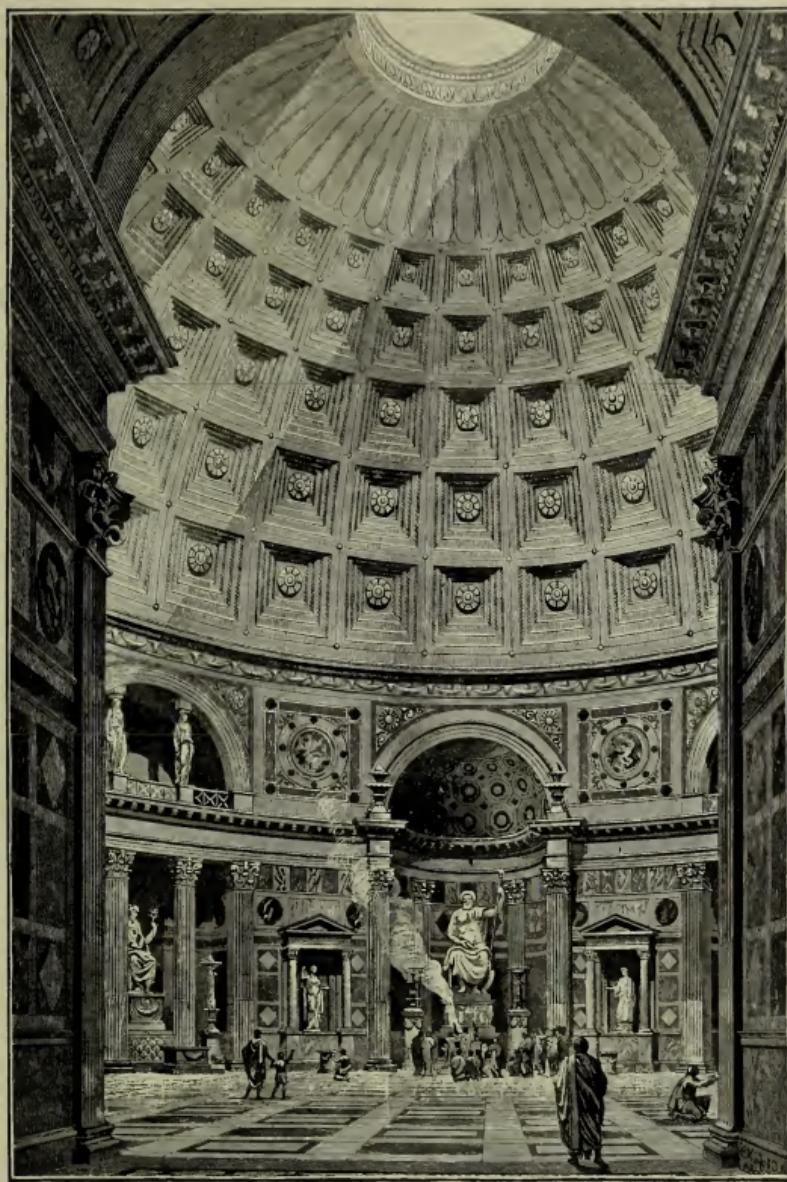
(*Dedication of the Pantheon, Planned by Octavius as a Family Shrine*)

*A restoration designed by the German archaeologist, J. Bergmann*

**O**F all the equally matched and conflicting parties which had been let loose by the assassination of the mighty Cæsar, and which had warred so bitterly against one another, only a single power now survived, that of Octavius, the nephew and adopted son of Cæsar. Not by brilliancy but by patient endurance and persistence, he had outlasted all his rivals and was now undisputed master of the world. The time had thus come for him to redeem his promise of restoring the old republican government; but Octavius can never seriously have intended to lay aside the power for which he had struggled so long. He did, indeed, restore the empty forms of the republic and these were continued by his successors for centuries, but he retained all real authority by holding all the important offices himself. The submissive senate which he had created, made him high priest for life, and also "Imperator" or permanent general of the army, a title which we have corrupted into "Emperor."

Octavius devoted himself to rebuilding Rome. He boasted that he had found it brick and left it marble. Among other structures he probably started but did not finish the great "Pantheon," as a temple in honor of Julius Cæsar. It became the shrine of the family and was finished by the son-in-law of Octavius. It held a shrine to Jupiter and to other gods and was by far the most elaborate piece of architecture the Romans had yet attempted.











### AN AGE OF PEACE

(The "Augustan Age" the Most Celebrated in Roman Literature)

*From the painting by George Hiltensperger, a recent German artist*

IT was during the reign of Octavius that Jesus was born upon earth. This was an age of peace, the first the world had known since the beginning of recorded history. On the Capitoline hill stood the temple of the god Janus which was always open in time of war. Its gates had not been closed since the days of Romulus. Now Octavius, in the ceremony depicted in our picture, closed the gates.

The Senate, among other honors, voted to Octavius the title of Augustus, a name which had before been applied only to the gods. Octavius preferred this name to his own, so it is as Augustus Cæsar, the godlike Cæsar, that he is known to history. His reign is called the "Augustan Age." It was the chief literary period of Rome; for literature flourishes only in peace, and Augustus gathered round him a sort of court of artistic and learned men. Most celebrated among these were Rome's chief epic poet Virgil, and her chief lyric poet Horace. Livy, the first great Roman historian, was also the friend of Augustus, as was Ovid, the famous poet of love. All of these are seen in converse in our illustration.











## THE OVERTHROW OF VARUS

(By Repeated Attacks the Germans Utterly Destroy the Roman Army of Varus)

*After an old German painting*

DURING the reign of Augustus, the height of Roman glory, there came the first faint foreshadowing of what Rome's ending was to be. The Germans, who were to conquer Rome, defeated a Roman army. This was in the year A.D. 9, that is, nine years after the birth of Jesus. Twice before, the Romans had encountered the Germans. Marius had annihilated the first vast horde of them who sought to invade Italy. Julius Cæsar had defeated a second horde and driven them out of Gaul. Now the legions of Augustus attempted to invade and conquer Germany.

Some of the wild tribes were easily reduced to subjection at first; but Varus, the general who was given rule over them, treated them so harshly that they planned a secret revolt under their chieftain Hermann. The plot was betrayed to Varus, and in contempt of these barbarians, he marched three Roman legions, nearly thirty thousand men, through the wilderness of the German forests to chastise the rebels. His army was entrapped, surrounded and completely destroyed. Seldom indeed had Rome met so terrible a defeat. The Emperor Augustus grieved bitterly when the news reached him. For months he let his hair and beard grow long, and repeatedly cried out in sorrow, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!"











### THE RETREAT OF GERMANICUS

*(The Roman Troops Fight Desperately to Retain their Banners)*

*From the painting by Ferdinand Leeke, a contemporary German artist*

**G**REAT was the consternation of all Rome at the defeat of Varus. There was danger that the exulting Germans would march at once on Rome; but the general now in command against them was the able Tiberius, whom Augustus had adopted as his son and successor. The well-chosen measures of Tiberius kept the Germans from crossing the Rhine and invading the Roman province of Gaul; and when, on the death of Augustus, Tiberius succeeded him, the new emperor sent his own adopted son, Germanicus, to guard the frontier against the Germans.

The warfare between Germanicus and Hermann was long and equally sustained. Three times Germanicus led his troops across the Rhine into the German forests; but each time he was so assailed amid the wilds that he withdrew and left Germany unconquered. The Rhine was accepted as the permanent Roman frontier.

Our picture shows the most noted of the retreats of Germanicus. In one expedition he penetrated to the field of Varus' defeat and buried the bones of the Romans who had fallen there. As he marched homeward again, he was surrounded by the infuriated Germans and assailed so persistently and with such frenzy that his retreat was one long battle. Many Roman standards were torn from the bearers to whom they were entrusted, and only a mere remnant of the Roman soldiers won their way back to the safety of the Rhine.











## THE PLEASURES OF TIBERIUS

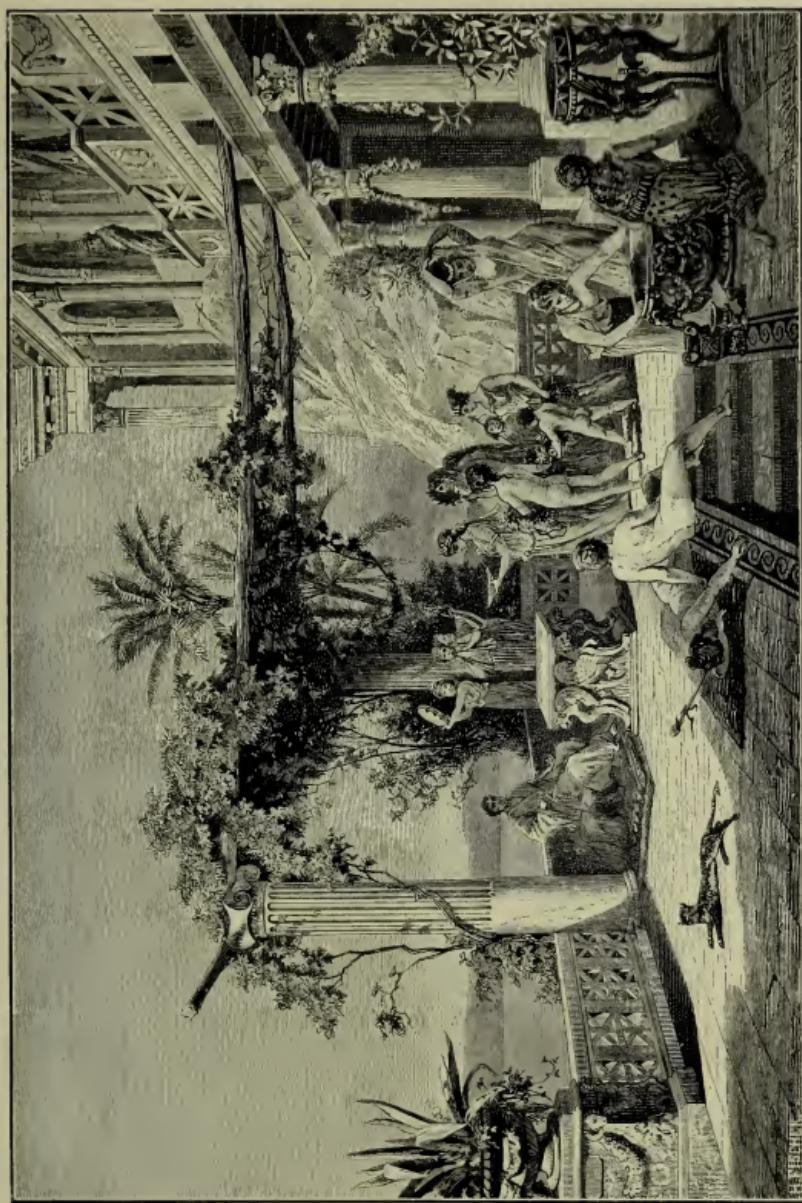
(The Emperor Tiberius Ceases to Govern the World and Seeks Evil Pleasures in Capri)

*From a well-known engraving by L. H. Fischer*

**T**IBERIUS, who succeeded the celebrated Augustus as the ruler of Rome, was presented by the obsequious Senate with all the titles and offices which Augustus had borne so well. Tiberius was a harsh, stern man, who slew every Roman whom he feared might overthrow his power. He was even suspected of conniving at the death of his adopted son Germanicus, because the latter was adored by the soldiery. As a result of the unbridled power of Tiberius, his dark suspicions and his murderous savagery, the truly noble men of the old Roman race were almost exterminated. Only subservient flatterers remained. Henceforward the city of Rome was plunged into nameless treachery and shameless debauchery.

As Tiberius grew old, he grew ever more murderous, more suspicious and more licentious. He withdrew entirely from Rome, where an assassin might reach him, and dwelt on the island of Capri. Here he is said to have given himself up to mad frolics, surrounded by a crowd of abandoned wretches as evil as himself. They ate, drank and were merry in the face of death; for any one of them who offended Tiberius was immediately slain, being hurled from the terrible cliff almost a thousand feet in height, which is still pointed out to-day as "the rock of Tiberius."











### CALIGULA WORSHIPPED AS A GOD

(Caligula has Himself Declared a God and Borne in Sacred Procession through the Forum)

*From a painting by the recent German artist, G. Bauernfield*

**A**T the death of Tiberius, the rule over Rome passed to a young relative, Caligula, son of that Germanicus who had fought so resolutely against the Germans. Caligula started his reign in wise and kindly fashion, but within a few months changed so completely that he is generally supposed to have become insane. He committed the craziest freaks, plunged into the grossest dissipation, and delighted in the most hideous cruelties. He led an army against England; but, stopping at the shores of France, he set his soldiers to collecting sea shells. Then he marched back to Rome and exhibited these as the "spoils of his conquest of the ocean." It was Caligula who wished that all Romans had but a single neck so he might behead them all at once.

He compelled the obsequious Senate to declare him a god—in fact several gods, for at one time he decided to be Hercules, at another Venus, then Bacchus. Finally he settled on being Jupiter, and had the heads removed from Jupiter's statues and his own likeness substituted. He had himself carried in religious procession through the Forum from his own palace on one Roman hill to the temple of Jupiter on another, and he built a bridge joining the two hills, so that he and the other gods might visit each other freely without being disturbed by mere mortals.









CÆSAR REJECTING THE WARNINGS OF HIS DEATH

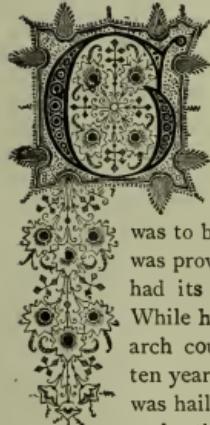
## THE STORY OF

# THE GREATEST NATIONS

## ANCIENT NATIONS—ROME

### Chapter XXXVI

#### CÆSAR'S RULE AND DEATH



ÆSAR'S series of triumphant victories had made him as a god in the eyes of Rome. There was no honor too exalted for him. A Supplication, or thanksgiving of forty days, had been ordered when he stepped foot once more in Italy, at the close of July, B.C. 46. His statue was erected in the Capitol, and another bore the fulsome inscription, "Cæsar the demigod." His image was to be carried in the procession of the gods, and a golden chair was provided for him in the Senate house. The month Quintilis had its name changed to Julius, which we still retain as July. While he was not king in name he was in substance, for no monarch could have been more absolute. He was made Dictator for ten years, which was soon changed to perpetual Dictator, and he was hailed as Imperator for life. This title was one that was given under the Republic to a victorious general (for the word means *Commander*), but it was always laid aside at the close of the military command. By clipping the word *Imperator*, it will be seen that it readily becomes *Emperor*.

Moreover, he was invested for three years without a colleague with the functions of the censorship, the title being the Guardianship of Manners, carrying with it the authority to revise, as he saw fit, the lists of the knights and senators. To him the people surrendered their right of election, and the Senate that of administration. In the latter body, he was to seat himself between the consuls and first give his opinion, after which, as may be supposed, that of the consuls was of no weight at all, since they dared not oppose him and their support was unnecessary. He had not forgotten the vanities of youth when he used to spend hours before the mirror in curling his locks, for now that he had grown bald about the temples, he wreathed them with the laurel, which not only hid the lack of hair, but was a badge of martial greatness. He wore no beard, and, despite his foppish weaknesses, he welcomed the title of "Father of his Country," fit only to come from the hearts of a free people.

Cæsar celebrated four triumphs—that over the Gauls, over Ptolemaeus, over Pharnaces, and over Juba, who had brought the reinforcements of elephants and light cavalry to Scipio at Thapsis, but he declined a triumph for Pharsalia itself. He gave a banquet at which were seated fully 60,000 people, who were afterward entertained with shows, the circus and the theatre. The combats of wild beasts and gladiators surpassed anything of the kind ever seen before.

When at last the magnificent ceremonies were over, Cæsar once more left Rome to suppress in Spain the last resistance of the republicans. There Cnæus, the eldest son of Pompey, had rallied a motley force, and baffled the generals sent against him, until Cæsar lost patience and went thither to conduct the campaign for himself. It lasted for several months, and his situation at one time looked hopeless, but, with his matchless ability, he finally gained the crowning victory at Munda on March 17, B.C. 45. On that day of desolation, 30,000 of the vanquished perished. Cnæus extricated himself from the whirlpool of death, gained the coast, and put to sea, but was identified when he made a landing, and killed.

Cæsar remained for some time in Spain, arranging affairs, and returned to Rome in September, when the fresh triumph over the Iberians was celebrated, followed by the usual games and festivals which delighted the people. At the theatres, plays were presented in different languages, for the entertainment of the numerous nationalities in the city, which included ambassadors from the Moors, the Numidians, the Gauls, the Iberians, the Britons, the Armenians, the Germans, and the Scythians. And, perhaps greatest of all, came Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, crown in hand, to lay her treasures at the feet of her royal lover and preserver. Amid these bewildering flatteries and honors, which would have turned the head of any man, it is to the credit of Cæsar that no person was made to feel the weight of his resentment. Others with less power

had waded in massacre, but his clemency amazed his friends as much as his enemies. His worshippers had removed the statues of Sulla and Pompey, but he caused them to be restored to their places among those of the grandest champions of the Republic. "I will not," he declared in one of his speeches, "renew the massacres of Sulla and Marius, the very remembrance of which is shocking to me. Now that my enemies are subdued, I will lay aside the sword, and endeavor solely by my good offices to gain over those who continue to hate me."

Now Julius Cæsar was one of the clearest-sighted men that ever grasped the reins of power. Nothing was plainer to him than that the old political system of Rome was hopelessly shattered. It was equally clear that security and prosperity could be obtained only through the firm and just rule of a single man. Such a man must be a genius of statesmanship, as well as invincible in war, and to whom could such transcendent ability be ascribed with more propriety than to Julius Cæsar?

He had obtained power by overriding the laws, but such is the necessity of all revolutions, and having secured that power, he was determined to use it for the good of the people. He laid the foundations broad and strong. He promoted distinguished and trustworthy foreigners to places of dignity in the city; Gauls and others were introduced into the Senate; whole classes of useful subjects, such as those of the medical profession, were admitted to the franchise, and colonies were planted at Carthage and Corinth. An elaborate geographical survey was made of the immense regions in his dominion, and a most important project undertaken was the condensation and arrangement into a compact code of the thousands of fragments of the old Roman laws. This work had been dreamed of by Cicero and others, who were forced to believe it an impossible task, but Cæsar set about it with such practical sense and system that it assuredly would have been completed, had his life been spared to the usual limit. As it was, six centuries had to elapse before the glory of the work was earned by Justinian the imperial legislator.

One notable achievement was the reform of the calendar. The Roman year had been calculated on the basis of 354 days, with the intercalation or insertion every second year of a month of twenty-two and twenty-three days respectively; but another day had been added to the 354, so as to secure an odd or fortunate number, to meet which an intricate process, which only the scholars understood, was brought into use. The jumble became intolerable. Cæsar was a good astronomer, and with the aid of Sosigenes, the most eminent in the science, the Julian calendar was devised. This is still known by that name, and makes each year to consist of 365 days, with an additional day added to every fourth or leap year. Even this is not mathematically exact; and the slight

error, in the course of centuries, grew into an importance which required the correction made by Pope Gregory XIII., and put into effect in Rome, October 5-15, 1582. By this Gregorian calendar leap year is omitted at the close of each century whose figures are not divisible by 400. Thus it will be remembered that the year 1900 was not a leap year.

Spain, Portugal, and a part of Italy adopted the Gregorian calendar with Rome; France, in December, 1582, and the Catholic states of Germany in 1583. In Scotland it was adopted on January 1, 1600; and in the Protestant states of Germany in 1700. England and Ireland and the English colonies, however, kept the Julian calendar until 1752, when the change was made. Russia alone has retained the Julian system, its dates being now thirteen days behind ours.

Julius Cæsar was undoubtedly one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. No general ever surpassed him in ability; he was a statesman, an orator, a mathematician, a historian, an architect, a jurist, and was pre-eminent in each capacity. His personality was impressive. Tall and dignified of presence, with a fair complexion and keen, expressive black eyes, he never wore a beard, and, as he grew bald, he showed that care for his looks which was almost a passion with him from youth. He wore, as we have stated, a laurel chaplet, which hid his baldness and was at the same time a badge of his military greatness. He was well worthy of the line applied to him by Shakespeare,—

“The foremost man of all the world.”

Many of the designs of this remarkable genius were never carried to completion, for the reason that his life was cut off in its prime and before he had time to do more than form the far-reaching plans. His scheme of extending the pomerium of the city was completed by his successor. Other plans of his were even further delayed. Many years passed before the Pomptine marshes were drained. His scheme of changing the course of the Tiber, so as to enlarge the Campus Martius, was never followed out, nor did he cut through the Isthmus of Corinth.

He shone as a leader among the intellectual men of his time. While he was modest and affable in his intercourse, none talked or wrote better than he. His “Commentaries,” despite the great length of some of the sentences, remains as a monument of his extraordinary skill as a historian and writer. He was abstemious among the free livers, and Cato has said of him that, of all the revolutionists of his day, he alone took up his task with perfect soberness at all times. In this respect he was a marked contrast to Alexander.

Moreover, it is impossible to study the character of the man without giving him credit for nobility of purpose. He judged rightly, when he felt that the

only safety of Rome lay in its government by a wise, firm, and discreet ruler, and certainly there was none in that age who so fully met the requirements of the position as himself. The blot upon the character of Cæsar is that he accepted the blind, sacrilegious idolatry of his people without protest, and that his private life was scandalous. He openly declared his unbelief in immortality, and lived defiantly with Cleopatra as his wife, though he never made her such.

But worldly ambition is never satisfied, and grows by what it feeds on. He became restless. The stirring excitements of military life and the incentive to put forth his best exertions were lacking, and the fact oppressed him. He became haughty and capricious, and, like Napoleon at St. Helena, dreamed of the glories of his past campaigns and longed to engage in more. Brooding over all this, he formed the plan of crushing the Parthians, conquering the barbarians of the North, and then attacking the Germans in the rear. In the closing months of the year B.C. 45, he ordered his legions to cross the Adriatic and meet at Illyricum, where he would speedily join them. He expected to be absent for a long time from Rome, and arranged for the succession of chief magistrates for the following two years. He entered on his fifth consulship on the 1st of January, B.C. 44, M. Antonius being his colleague.

At that time, Caius Octavius, the eighteen-year son of Cæsar's sister, was in camp at Apollonia, receiving instructions in war from the ablest teachers. He showed great ability, but was of delicate health. Cæsar let it be known that he intended to make Octavius his son by adoption, and to bequeath to him all those dignities which the Senate had declared hereditary in his family.

It was about this time that the title of *king* became associated with the name of Cæsar. His flatterers suggested it, and his enemies urged it upon him, thereby hoping to make him unpopular. One morning, it was found that some person, either a friend or enemy, had attached a laurel and a kingly diadem to the statue of Cæsar before the rostra. As soon as the tribunes saw it, they tore it down, the populace applauding. Cæsar joined in the applause, though one cannot help suspecting the genuineness of his feelings. Some time later, when returning from a festival, a number of men had been hired to hail him as king. There could be no mistaking the angry disapproval, and the listening imperator exclaimed indignantly, "I am no king, but Cæsar." On the 15th of February, while he was seated in his gilded chair before the rostra to preside over a festival, his faithful ally Antonius, now consul, approached and offered him a diadem, saying it was the gift of the Roman people. Faint applause followed, but when Cæsar thrust the diadem from him, the acclamations were enthusiastic. Then Antonius, fresh from a religious ceremony and thus expressing sacred authority, presented it a second time. The clear-headed

ruler had been quick to read the signs, and with considerable heat he replied, "I am not king; the only king of the Romans is Jupiter," whereupon he ordered the diadem to be removed and suspended in the temple in the Capitol.

Human nature has been the same in all ages, and no man can rise to exalted position without incurring the deadly envy of those who have failed to keep pace with him. There were many such in Rome. They met in secret, whispered and plotted, and finally formed a conspiracy for taking the life of the imperator. The persons concerned in this hideous crime were sixty or eighty in number, and among them were many who had received marked favors at the hands of Cæsar and professed the warmest devotion to him. The leader was Caius Longinus Cassius, who had lately been appointed *prætor*. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had sided with Pompey, but was pardoned by Cæsar, and besides being made *prætor* was promised the governorship of Syria in the following year. The more favors he received, the more malignant he seemed to become in his hatred of the benefactor. Associated with him were Decimus Brutus, Trebonius, Casca, Cimber and more, all of whom were under deep obligations to Cæsar for numerous favors.

These men knew they were taking frightful risks, for the crime they contemplated would shake Rome to its centre and resound through the coming ages. They needed a strong name to help them through, and fixed upon Marcus Junius Brutus, who had also been a partisan of Pompey, but made his submission to Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia, and in the following year was appointed governor of Cisalpine Gaul. Brutus was a nephew of Cato, and claimed to trace his descent from a son of the famous Brutus who had founded the Republic, and whose other sons had perished by the axe of the executioner. His descendant was now made vain by the many favors shown him by Cæsar, who one day remarked that, of all Romans, Brutus was the most worthy to succeed him. Brutus accepted this as earnest, and it was easy for the conspirators by appealing to this, to procure his consent to become their leader in the dark counsels they often held together.

Cæsar received hints of what was going on. He had dismissed the guard appointed for him, and was, therefore, continually exposed to treacherous attack. When his friends remonstrated because of the fearless way in which he walked through the streets, he replied that it was better to die and have done with it, than to live in continual fear of dying. He scorned to take the least precautions, and since he had almost completed his preparations for leaving on his campaigns, his enemies determined to wait no longer. The Senate was convened for the Ides of March, the 15th day of the month, and it was agreed that on that day he should be struck down as he entered the Curia.

Cæsar is said to have shown some hesitation, due to the many warnings he

had received, but he naturally shrank from appearing timid. He determined to go. On the way along the Forum to the theatre of Pompey, in the Campus, several persons pressed near to warn him of his peril. One man hastily shoved a paper into his hand and begged him to read it without an instant's delay. He paid no heed, but held the roll, when he reached the Senate House remarking with a smile to the augur Spurinna, "The Ides of March have come." "Yes," replied the other, "but they are not yet passed."

As he entered the hall, his enemies kept near him so as to hold his friends at a distance. Cæsar advanced to his seat, when Cimber immediately approached with a petition for the pardon of his brother. The others, as agreed upon, joined in the prayer with much importunity, seizing his hands and even attempting to embrace him. Cæsar gently repelled their attentions, but they persisted, and Cimber caught hold of his toga with both hands and snatched it over his arms. Then Casca, who was behind him, drew a dagger from under his cloak and reaching forward struck at Cæsar, but in the flurry merely grazed his shoulder. Cæsar saw the blow, and tried to seize the hilt of the dagger with one hand. Then Casca uttered the signal that had been agreed upon. This was the cry "Help!" Immediately the others swarmed forward, pushing and striving to get closer to their victim, and all striking vicious blows, even though a number were not within reach of him. Cæsar defended himself as best he could, and wounded one of his assailants with his stylus; but when he recognized the gleaming face of Brutus among the panting countenances and saw the upraised steel in his hand, as he fought to get near enough to strike, he exclaimed, "What! thou too, Brutus!" ("Et tu, Brute!"), and, drawing his robe over his face, made no further resistance. The assassins plunged their weapons into his body again and again, until at last, bleeding from twenty-three wounds, he sank down and breathed out his life at the feet of the statue of Pompey.

The awful crime was completed, and the assassins, flinging their gowns over their left arms, as shields, and brandishing aloft their dripping daggers in their right hands, marched out of the Curia to the Forum, calling aloud that they had killed a tyrant, and displaying a liberty cap on the head of a spear. The multitude were dazed and stupefied for the moment, but the signs were so ominous that the conspirators hunted out a place of refuge in the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitol.

In this place they were joined by others, and among them Cicero, who, though he had nothing to do with the conspiracy, did not condemn it, and advised that the Senate should be called together at once. Brutus was distrustful and determined to make another appeal to the populace. He entered the Forum the next day, and his speech was listened to coldly, even if with respect.

When, however, others followed in the same strain, the hearers broke out with such violence that the republicans were driven back to their quarters.

Meanwhile the consul Antonius had been active. He communicated secretly with Calpurnia, the widow of Cæsar, who seems to have been a woman of little force of character, and secured possession of her husband's immense treasures and also his will. Assisted by his two brothers—one of whom was a tribune and the other a prætor—Antonius opened, as consul, the national coffers in the temple of Ops, and drawing a large sum, secured the promise of support from Lepidus, who had been leader of the army during Cæsar's absence in Spain, and was his colleague in the consulate b.c. 46. Lepidus was weak of character, lacking both military ability and statesmanship.

Antonius, as the minister and favorite of Cæsar, was looked upon by many as his natural successor. Cicero alone opposed the conspirators' negotiations with him, for, though a brave man, Antonius was dissipated to the last degree. He was agreed upon as the proper man to act, and it was arranged that he should convene the Senate on March 17th. He selected as a place for the meeting the temple of Tellus, near the Forum, and filled it with armed soldiers. Since the assassins were afraid to leave the Capitol, the discussion took place in their absence. The majority favored declaring Cæsar a tyrant, but Antonius pointed out that this would invalidate all his acts and appointments. While the discussion was going on, Antonius went out and entered the Forum. He was received with acclamations, and Cicero showed that the only dignified course that could relieve them from their embarrassment was an amnesty which should confirm every acquired right and leave the deed of the conspirators to the judgment of posterity.

Cicero carried his point, and by his eloquence the next day he calmed the populace, who invited the conspirators to descend from the Capitol, Lepidus and Antonius sending their children as hostages, and one entertained Brutus and the other Cassius at supper. The following morning all parties met in the Curia, and Cæsar's assignment of provinces was confirmed. To Trebonius went Asia, to Cimber Bithynia, and to Decimus the Cisalpine, while Macedonia was to go to Brutus, and Syria to Cassius, when their terms of office at home expired.

Cæsar was dead but not buried. Inasmuch as his acts were valid, his will had to be accepted and his remains honored with a public funeral. Antony read to the people the last testament of their idol, by which it appeared that the youthful Octavius had been adopted as his son; that the Roman people had been endowed with his gardens on the bank of the Tiber, and he had bequeathed some twelve dollars to every citizen.

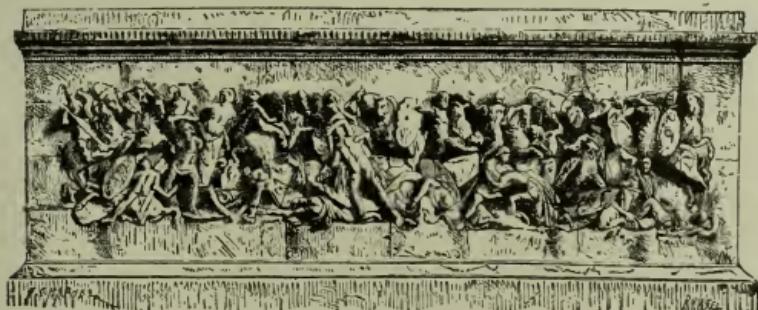
This liberality roused all to fury, which was kindled to the ungovernable

point by the funeral oration of Mark Antony. The body was laid out on a couch of gold and ivory, on a shrine gleaming with gold and erected before the rostra. At the head was hung the toga in which Cæsar had been slain, showing the rents made by the daggers of the assassins. The mangled remains were concealed, but in their place was displayed a waxen figure, which faithfully showed every one of the three-and-twenty wounds.

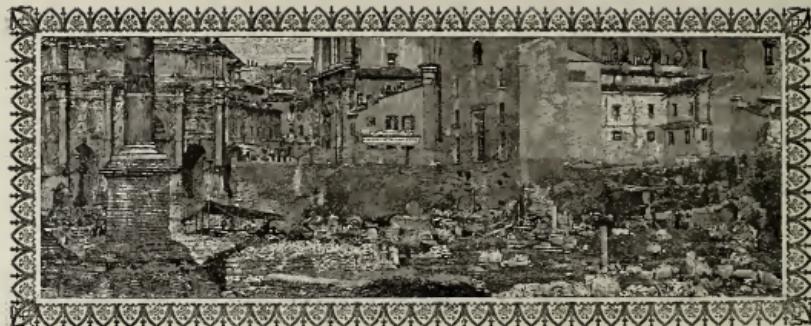
When the people were swept by grief and indignation, Mark Antony stepped forward, as the chief magistrate of the Republic. He did this with marvellous dramatic power. Then pointing to the bleeding corpse, and striding toward the Capitol, he proclaimed in a thrilling voice: "I at least am prepared to keep my vow to avenge the victim I could not save!"

The people were now beyond restraint, as the orator intended they should be. They would not allow the body to be carried outside of the city, but insisted that it should be burned within the walls. Benches, tables, and chairs were torn up and heaped before the pontiff's dwelling in the Forum, and the body placed upon it. The torch was applied by two youths, girt with swords and javelin in hand, while the people flung on more fuel, wherever it could be gathered, the veterans adding their arms, the matrons their ornaments, and the children their trinkets. It was a touching fact that among the most grief-stricken of the mourners were Gauls, Iberians, Africans, and Orientals, all of whom had loved Cæsar with no less fervency than did his own countrymen.

Cæsar had been the friend and champion of the common people. Attacking him unawares, his enemies had struck the fragile, human life from his body. Yet so great had been the spirit of the man, so enormous his influence, that even that dead body was sufficient to defeat the conspirators. The sudden, unquenchable rebellion that sprang up round his corpse, was Cæsar's last and greatest triumph.



ANTIQUE BAS-RELIEF OF ROMAN VICTORY IN GAUL



RECENT EXCAVATIONS SHOWING THE FORUM ROMANUM

## Chapter XXXVII

### ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS—ROME BECOMES AN EMPIRE



O rator had ever attained more perfect success than did Mark Antony in that celebrated speech over Cæsar's body. The frenzied people rushed like madmen through the streets, with blazing brands, determined to set fire to the houses of the conspirators and slay the inmates. The blind attacks were repulsed for the time, but Brutus and Cassius and their associates made haste to get out of the city. Had the incensed populace been able to lay hands upon them, they would have been torn limb from limb.

Ah, but Mark Antony was sly! He interfered and stopped the disorder, and then set himself to win the good will of the Senate, which was needed to carry out his plans. He secured the passage of a resolution abolishing the office of Dictator, and it was never revived; and then, with a stern hand, he put down the rioting which broke out in many quarters. He even visited Brutus and Cassius in their hiding, and offered to guarantee their safety, but they wisely declined to enter the city. Their prætorial office required them to reside in Rome, but he obtained for the two a charge for supplying provisions which would justify their absence. In return Antony asked one small favor; since he, too, was in danger, he asked the Senate to grant him an armed body-guard. The Senate promptly did so, and he as promptly raised it to six thousand men and thus made himself safe.

Antony was for the moment as much Dictator as Cæsar had ever been. He secured the sanction of the Senate, not only for all the imperator had done, but for all that he might have planned to do. Having won over the secretary

of the deceased, and secured all his papers, Antony carried out what schemes he liked, and when he lacked authority for them, he, with the help of the secretary, forged Cæsar's authority. It is unnecessary to say that with such boundless facilities at command, he did not neglect to "feather his own nest," and to secure enough funds to bribe senators, officers, and tributary provinces. He did not hesitate to break the engagements he had made with the conspirators, by taking from Brutus and Cassius the governments that had been promised them, and seizing Macedonia with the legions Cæsar had ordered to assemble at Apollonia. Beholding all this, Cicero sadly murmured: "The tyrant is dead, but the tyranny still lives."

Now, you will remember that Octavius, the young nephew of Cæsar, was at Apollonia preparing himself for the campaign in which he had expected to take part. When he learned the particulars of his uncle's assassination, and the letters from his mother made known that he was the heir to all that had been left, he was thrilled by the ambition that sprang to life within him, and determined to return to Rome in the face of every danger. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he had the fervent devotion of the soldiers, who burned to avenge the murder of their idolized chief. Nothing could restrain the young man's resolution, and, when he landed on the coast of Apulia, copies of the will and the decrees of the Senate were shown to him. He immediately assumed the title of Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and offered himself before the troops at Brundisium as the adopted son of the great imperator. He was received with the wildest demonstrations, and the veterans who crowded around drew their swords and clamored to be led against all who dared to oppose the will of him who, being dead, yet spoke in the same trumpet tones as of yore.

Octavius, in spite of his years, was prudent, even while impetuous. Instead of appealing to force he addressed the Senate in temperate language, claiming that, as a private citizen, he had the right to the inheritance left him by Cæsar. On his way to Rome, he visited the despondent Cicero, who was staying near Cumæ, and succeeded in convincing the orator of his loyal and wise views.

Octavius entered Rome in April, and, despite the remonstrance of his mother and stepfather, went before the prætor and declared himself the son and heir of the Dictator. Mounting the tribune, he addressed the people, pledging to pay the sums bequeathed to them by his illustrious parent. He made many friends and won over a large number of enemies. Antony had no fear at first of this stripling, but the news that reached him led him to return to Rome about the middle of May. When he and Octavius met, the latter professed friendship for him, but at the same time upbraided the consul for his failure to punish the assassins. Then the daring youth demanded the treasures

of his father; Antony replied that they had all been spent; that it was public money, and that the will under which Octavius claimed the funds would have been set aside by the Senate, but for the interference of Antony.

Octavius now sold the remnant of Cæsar's effects, all of his own, and borrowed from friends sufficient with which to pay every obligation of his father. Naturally the people were grateful, and the popularity of the young man rapidly increased. Antony saw that the most foolish thing he could do was to despise this competitor, who had won the affection of his countrymen.

At the same time, the conduct of the conspirators was timid. Cicero attended their conferences and strove to animate them with his hopefulness. Brutus resolved to quit Italy and like Cassius summon the patriots to arms in Greece and Macedonia. Cicero entered Rome and was delighted with the warmth of his reception. The day after his arrival, Antony convened the Senate. Cicero was afraid to appear, and Antony made a bitter attack on him. Stung by the insult, he came before the Senate and made a terrific assault upon the tyrant's policy. The several speeches which Cicero uttered against the consul in the course of the following month are known by the name of Philip-pics, in allusion to the harangues of Demosthenes against the tyrant of Macedonia. Octavius let the two wrangle, while he carefully undermined the strength of Antony. The latter fled from Rome and raised the standard of civil war. There was promise of the most sanguinary struggles between the leaders and their partisans, when Octavius awoke to the fact that his own safety depended upon his coming to an understanding with Antony. Word was sent to Antony by the young man that he had no wish to injure him, and Octavius refrained from preventing the junction of the consul's forces with Lepidus in the Transalpine. This gave to Antony a force of more than twenty legions, while Octavius, with less than half as many, and in the face of the prohibition of the Senate, marched his troops to the gates of Rome. Then the people elected him to the consulship. He cited the murderers of Cæsar to appear before the tribunals, and in their absence judgment was passed upon them.

Octavius was now in a position to treat with Mark Antony on equal terms. As an entering wedge, he caused the Senate to repeal the decrees against him and Lepidus. This was in the latter part of September, and, about a month later, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus held their memorable meeting on a small island in the Rhenus, and not far from Benonia. They parleyed during three days, when an agreement was reached by which Octavius was to resign the consulship in favor of Ventidius, an officer of Antony's army, and the three chiefs should associate themselves together under a second Triumvirate, for the establishment of the commonwealth. They were to rule the city, the consuls, and the laws, claiming the consular power in common, with the right of

appointing all the magistrates. Whatever they decreed should be binding without first obtaining the consent of the Senate or the people. This Second Triumvirate, formed in B.C. 43, also divided among its members the provinces around Italy. Antony was to have the two Gauls; Lepidus the Spains, with the Narbonensis, while Octavius secured Africa and the islands. Italy, the heart of empire, they were to retain in common, while the division of the eastern provinces was postponed until after Brutus and Cassius should be driven out of them. Octavius and Antony, with twenty legions each, were to take charge of the conduct of the war, while Lepidus remained to protect their interests in Rome.

Having formed their far-reaching scheme, the three agreed that the first necessary precaution was to leave no enemies in their rear. All from whom danger threatened must be crushed beyond the possibility of doing harm. Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus entered the city on three successive days, each at the head of a single legion. The troops occupied the temples and towers and their banners waved from the Forum. The farce of a plebiscitum was gone through, and on November 28th the Triumvirate was proclaimed. Instead of a massacre like Sulla's, they decreed a formal proscription. Each man had his list of chief citizens before him, and, sitting down, picked out the names of those whose deaths would give him special happiness.

Now, since every one was certain to want the sacrifice of the relatives of the others, they made a ghastly agreement among themselves to the effect that each, by giving up a relative, would be entitled to proscribe a kinsman of his colleagues. As a result, among the first names on the fatal list were a brother of Lepidus, an uncle of Antony, and a cousin of Octavius. The scenes that followed were too dreadful for description. It is recorded that three hundred senators, two thousand knights, and many thousands of citizens were put to death. Many escaped by fleeing to Macedonia and others to Africa, while more found refuge on the vessels of Sextus Pompeius that were cruising off Africa. Some bought their lives with bribes.

Antony demanded the death of Cicero, whose blistering philippics still rankled in his memory, and Octavius, to his eternal shame, consented. Cicero was staying at the time with his brother at his Tuscan villa. As soon as they heard of the proscription, they fled to Astura, another villa, on a small island off the coast of Antium, whither they intended to embark for Macedonia. In the pursuit the brother was overtaken and killed, but Cicero gained the sea, set sail, and landed several times, distressed in body and mind and caring little what became of him. The last time he went ashore near Formiæ, he was warned of the danger of delay. "Let me die here, in my fatherland," he said mournfully, but his slaves placed the man, who was suffer-

ing great bodily pain, upon a litter, and moved as rapidly as they could toward the sea-coast.

Hardly had they left the house, when an officer, whose life Cicero had once saved, appeared and pounded on the door. A man pointed out the course taken by the fugitives, and he and his small force ran after them. Cicero saw them coming up and noted that they were in less number than his own party, who prepared to defend him.

But he would not permit it. He ordered the slaves to set down the litter, and, fixing his eyes calmly on his enemies, he bared his throat to their swords. Many of the spectators covered their faces with their hands, and the leader hesitated and bungled, until at last he pulled himself together and then all was quickly over. The head of the orator was sent as a gracious present to Antony, whose wife Fulvia, remembering how nearly she and her husband had been overthrown by that bitter tongue, thrust long pins through it, taunting the dead man and crying that she had given the final answer to his orations.

The Second Triumvirate had crushed its enemies at home; it had still to destroy the republican forces. Brutus and Cassius, knowing they could not sustain themselves in Italy, had retired to the East. When Brutus appeared before Athens, the citizens erected his statue by the side of those of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and many of the younger men enlisted in his ranks. Horace, the future poet, was made a tribune, and numerous veterans also joined the patriot forces. The kings and rulers of Macedonia were quick to declare themselves on the same side, one of the adherents being a brother of Antony.

Cassius had gone to his promised government of Syria, where he was held in high esteem, because of the courage he had displayed in the conquest of the Parthians, after the fall of Crassus. He devastated the country and then prepared to pass over into Macedonia. The legend is that Brutus, watching in his tent at night, saw a fearful apparition, which being addressed replied: "I am thy evil spirit; thou shalt see me again at Philippi." When he and Cassius encamped on an eminence, twelve miles east of Philippi, their forces numbered probably 100,000 men. Those which Octavius and Antony brought against them were fewer, but in a better state of discipline. In the battle Brutus opposed Octavius; Cassius, Antony. Octavius was ill, and at the first shock his division yielded, but Antony was successful. Cassius fell back, and was left almost alone and unaware of the success of his colleague. Observing a body of horsemen approaching, he was panic-stricken, and, believing them the enemy, threw himself on the sword of a freedman and died. The messenger sent by Brutus with news of his triumph, arrived just a moment too late. It was a drawn battle, and each side withdrew, glad of a respite.

Brutus found it difficult to hold his legions in hand, and, yielding to his

impatience, he renewed the battle twenty days later on the same field. The fight was well contested, but the Cesarians under Octavius broke the ranks of their enemies, and attacked them in their camp. Brutus held an anxious position throughout the night on a neighboring hill. When daylight came, his remaining men refused to renew the fight, and in despair he ended his life with his own sword. The remnant of the shattered republican armies was carried off by the fleet which had attended their movements.

The decisive victory having been gained, the victors made a new partition of the spoils. Octavius took Spain and Numidia; Antony, Gaul beyond the Alps; and Lepidus the province of Africa. But the division was hardly made when the possessors began to quarrel over it. Lepidus was feeble, and of such insignificance that his share was soon taken from him, after which nothing was more certain than that Octavius and Antony would soon come to strife over their portions, and each would intrigue against the other. Octavius was still suffering in health, and chose to seek repose by returning to the balmy climate of Italy, and undertaking the task of placing the veterans on the estates of the natives. The gross Antony stayed in the East, indulging in the lowest dissipation.

He ordered Cleopatra to meet him at Cilicia, on a charge of intrigue with his enemy Cassius. It is said that the wit and piquancy of this remarkable woman were more effective than her dazzling beauty, and none knew better how to use her gifts than she. Sailing for Tarsus, she glided up the Cydnus in a gilded vessel, with purple sails and silver oars, to the sound of flutes and pipes. Under an awning, spangled with gold, she reclined in the garb of Venus, surrounded by Cupids, Graces, and Nereids, while Antony appeared in the character of Bacchus. Impressed by her splendid equipage, he invited her to land and sit at his banquet, but with the air of a queen she summoned him to attend upon her.

That meeting sealed his fate. He was utterly enthralled. Under the spell of the arch temptress, he forgot wife, Rome, and every duty, and only asked the bliss of becoming her slave and adorer; and, inasmuch as that was the object for which she played from the beginning, she made sure of retaining her sway over him.

In the middle of the summer B.C. 36, Antony had gathered 100,000 men on the Euphrates with the intention of completing the conquest of the Parthians. His alliance with Cleopatra had delayed him so long, that he advanced too rapidly, and, on reaching Praaspa, three hundred miles beyond the Tigris, he found himself without any artillery with which to conduct a siege. He, therefore, settled to an attempt at the reduction of the city by blockade, but the Parthian horsemen cut off his supplies and a number of his Armenian

allies deserted. This compelled him to retreat, and for twenty-seven days his men were subjected to incredible sufferings. Not until they had crossed the Araxes did the Parthians cease their attacks. Antony still hurried his wearied soldiers, intent only on rejoining Cleopatra at the earliest moment. She had come to Syria to meet him, and, caring nothing for honor or duty, he returned with her to the dissipations of the Egyptian capital, not hesitating in his shamelessness to announce his recent campaign as a victory. It suited Octavius to maintain the appearance at least of friendship, and he did not dispute the claim.

Antony's second wife, the faithful Octavia, hoping to save her husband from the thraldom of Cleopatra, obtained the consent of her brother Octavius to rejoin Antony. He had returned to Syria, and was preparing for a new expedition, when he learned that his wife had arrived in Athens. He sent her orders to come no further. She could not mistake the meaning of the message, but asked leave to send forward the presents she brought with her, which consisted of clothing for the soldiers, money, and equipments, including 2,000 picked men as a body-guard for the imperator. Then the "Serpent of the Nile" exerted all her devilish arts, and the fool Antony fled with her to Alexandria. Octavia, with the serene dignity of wounded womanhood, resigned her unworthy husband to the fate which he richly deserved.

Some modern courts have illustrated the depths of debauchery of which men and women are capable, but none have surpassed the court of Cleopatra, whose dominion over Mark Antony was so complete that he seemed unable to live except in her presence. It was as if nature had displayed the utmost achievements of which she is capable in the creation of this woman. While her portraits do not show a superlative degree of beauty, yet she must have possessed it to a remarkable extent, and her magnetism of manner was resistless. She was a fascinating singer and musician, spoke several languages, and was past-mistress in all the arts and artifices of her sex. None knew better how to capture and to retain her dominion over such a coarse wretch as Antony. What strange stories have come down to us of that extraordinary couple! When he dropped a line into the water, trained divers by her orders slipped unperceived underneath and fastened live fish to the hook; she dissolved a pearl of princely value in a cup of vinegar, and drank it to his health.

The rumors of these orgies caused resentment in Rome, where the tact and wisdom of Octavius steadily added to his popularity. One of the chief supporters of Antony became so nauseated that he appeared in the Senate and openly declared his abhorrence of his late master. Then he went to Octavius and revealed the testament of Antony, which reeked with treason. It declared the child of Cleopatra and Cæsar the heir of the Dictator, and ratified Antony's

drunken gifts of provinces to favorites, finally directing that his body should be entombed with Cleopatra's in the mausoleum of the Ptolemies. All this hideous wickedness being known, every one was ready to believe the story that Antony when drunk had given his pledge to Cleopatra to sacrifice the West to her ambition and to remove to Alexandria the government of the world.

Octavius, while refraining from declaring Antony a public enemy, proclaimed war against Egypt, and did not renew the terms of the Triumvirate which had expired, but directed the Senate to annul the appointment of Antony as consul, assuming it himself at the opening of B.C. 31.

Antony still had friends, and they now begged him to wrench himself free from Cleopatra. He replied by divorcing his legitimate wife, thus breaking the last legal tie that bound him to his country. He could not wholly close his eyes to his peril, however, and showed some of his old-time vigor in preparing to resist Octavius, who was equally energetic in preparations against him.

The forces of Antony are given at 100,000 infantry and 12,000 horse, while his fleet numbered 500 large war-galleys. Octavius had 20,000 less, and only 150 smaller vessels, which on that account were more manageable. The desertion of many of his troops awakened distrust in the mind of Antony, who became suspicious of Cleopatra herself and compelled her to taste all viands before he partook of them. At last the two great armies gathered in front of each other on the shores of the gulf of Ambracia, the narrow channel between being occupied by the fleet of Antony.

This field of war was ill-chosen, for it was confined and unhealthful, and Antony wished to remove his forces to the plains of Thessaly; but Cleopatra, fearing for her own way of retreat, dissuaded him. Distrusting the issue of the battle, he secretly prepared to lead his fleet into the open waters of the Leucadian bay, so as to break through the enemy's line, and escape to Egypt, leaving the army to do the best it could to retreat into Asia.

The wind was so high for several days that the rough waters would not permit the ships of either side to move; but it fell, and, on September 2d, B.C. 31, at noon, while the galleys of Antony lay becalmed at the entrance to the strait, a gentle breeze sprang up, so that the immense armament moved out to sea.

It immediately became apparent that the ships were greatly handicapped by their bulkiness, which held them from moving with the nimbleness of their opponents. They hurled huge stones from their wooden towers and reached out enormous iron claws to grapple their assailants, which dodged and eluded them like a party of hounds in front of a wounded bear. How curiously the account of this naval battle reads when compared with one of our modern contests on the water! The Cæsarean rowers shot forward and backed with great agility,

or swept away the banks of the enemy's oars, under cover of showers of arrows, circling about the awkward masses and helping one another against boarding or grappling. It was a school of whales fighting sharks, but the result was indecisive, for although the whales were wounded, the sharks did not disable them.

Then suddenly took place a shameful thing. Cleopatra's galley, anchored in the rear, hoisted its sails and sped away, followed by the Egyptian squadron of sixty barks. Antony caught sight of the signal, and, leaping into a boat, was rowed rapidly in their wake. Many of the crews, enraged at the desertion, tore down their turrets, flung them into the sea to lighten their craft, and hastened after him, but enough remained to put up a brave fight. Then the Cæsareans, unable otherwise to destroy them, hurled blazing torches among the ships, which, catching fire, burned to the water's edge, and sank one after the other. Thus ended the great sea-fight of Actium. Three hundred galleys fell into the victor's hands, but the army on shore was still unharmed. It was not until its commander abandoned it and sought the camp of Octavius, that the legions surrendered.

Antony and Cleopatra had fled in the same vessel. Proceeding direct to Alexandria, she sailed into the harbor, her galley decked with laurels through fear of a revolt of the people. Antony had remained at Paraetonium to demand the surrender of the small Roman garrison stationed there, but was repulsed, and learned of the fate of his army at Actium. In his despair, he was ready to kill himself, but his attendants prevented and took him to Alexandria, where he found Cleopatra preparing for defence. Defections broke out on every hand, and she proposed to fly into far-away Arabia. She commenced the transport of her galleys from the Nile to the Red Sea, but some were destroyed by the barbarians on the coast, and she abandoned the project. Then the distracted woman thought she could seek a refuge in Spain and raise a revolt against Octavius. This wild scheme was also given up, and Antony shut himself up in a tower on the sea-coast; but Cleopatra was not ready to yield, and showed her boy dressed as a man to the people that they might feel they were governed by him and not by a woman.

Still hopelessly captivated, Antony sneaked back to his royal mistress, and the two plunged into reckless orgies till the moment should come for both to die together. It is said that at this time the woman made many careful experiments of the different kinds of poison on slaves and criminals, and was finally convinced that the bite of an asp afforded the most painless method of taking one's departure from life.

Meanwhile, she and Antony applied to Octavius for clemency. He disdained to make any answer to Antony, but told Cleopatra that if she would kill or drive away her paramour, he would grant her reasonable terms. Octavius

was playing with his victims like a cat with mice. He meant to have her kingdom, but was determined to carry the detested woman herself to Rome and exhibit her in his triumph. Cunning agents of his suggested to her that Octavius was still a young man, and she no doubt could exert the same power over him that had taken Antony captive. It was not strange that she should believe this, for her past experience warranted such belief. She encouraged Antony to prepare for the last struggle, and all the time was secretly contriving to disarm and betray him. The forces of Octavius drew nearer. Pelusium was captured, but Antony gained the advantage in a skirmish before the walls of Alexandria, and was on the point of seizing the moment for a flight to sea, when he saw his own vessels, won away by Cleopatra, pass over to the enemy. Almost at the same moment, his cohorts, seduced by the same treachery, deserted him.

Cleopatra had shut herself up in a tower, built for her mausoleum, but fearing that the man whom she had ruined would do her violence, had word sent to him that she had committed suicide. This was the final blow to Antony, who with the aid of his freedman Eros inflicted a mortal wound upon himself. Immediately after, he learned that he had been tricked, and that the queen was unharmed. He caused himself to be carried to the foot of the tower, where, with the assistance of two women, her only attendants, he was drawn up, and breathed his last in her arms.

By this time, Octavius had entered Alexandria and sent an officer to bring Cleopatra to him. She refused to admit the messenger, but he scaled the tower undiscovered and entered. She snatched up a poniard to strike herself, but the man caught her arm and assured her that his master would treat her kindly. She listened for some minutes, and then allowed herself to be led to the palace, where she resumed her state, and was recognized as a sovereign by her victor.

Then Octavius called upon her. Never in all her wonderful experience did she so exert herself to capture one of the sterner sex; but Octavius had nerved himself for the meeting, and for the first time the charmer found she had no power to charm. He talked with coolness and self-possession, demanded that she should give him a list of her treasures, and then, bidding her to be of good heart, left her.

Cleopatra was chagrined at her failure, but she did not despair, till she learned that Octavius was determined to take her as a captive to Rome. She then retired to the mausoleum where the body of Antony still lay, crowned the tomb with flowers, and was found the next morning dead on her couch, her two women attendants expiring at her side. Although the common account makes Cleopatra die of the bite of an asp, brought to her in a basket of figs, the truth concerning her end will never be known with certainty. As we have learned in Egypt's story, there were no wounds discovered on her body, and it may be

that she perished from some self-administered subtle poison. At the triumph of Octavius, her image was carried on a bier, the arms encircled by two serpents, and this aided the popular rumor as to the means of her death. The child which she had borne to Julius Cæsar was put to death by Octavius, who could brook the existence of no such dangerous rival, but the children of Antony were spared, though deprived of the royal succession. The dynasty of the Ptolemies ended, and Egypt became a Roman province (B.C. 30).

The death of Antony closes the dreadful period of civil strife. The commonwealth was exhausted and Octavius was supreme. With masterly ability, he regulated his new province, and then made his tour through the Eastern dominions, dispossessing his enemies and rewarding his allies and friends. When everything was settled, he went to Samos, where he spent the winter in pleasant retirement. He reached Rome in the middle of the summer of B.C. 29, and was received with acclamations of joy. With a wisdom worthy of his adopted father, he recognized the authority of the Senate and claimed to have wielded delegated powers only. He had laid aside the functions of the Triumvirate, and it was as a simple consul, commissioned by the state, that he had conquered at Actium and won the province of Egypt, while his achievements in Greece and Asia still awaited confirmation by the Senate. So modest and loyal did his conduct appear, that his popularity was like that of the great imperator whose name he inherited.

To him was awarded the glory of a triple triumph, at the conclusion of which, according to the laws of the free state, he as imperator must disband his army, but he overcame the necessity by allowing the subservient Senate to give him the permanent title of Imperator, as it had been conferred upon Julius Cæsar, and to prefix it to his name. He was thus made lifelong commander of the national forces. This accomplished the all-important result of securing to him the support of the army, which was the real strength of the country. He acknowledged the Senate as the representative of the public will, but caused himself to be vested with the powers of the censorship, which, you will remember, gave him authority to revise the list of senators. This right he exercised with discretion and wisdom. It will be recalled that Julius Cæsar degraded the body by adding to it many men of low degree, including obnoxious foreigners. Octavius restored the old number of six hundred, and kept strictly to the requirement of property qualification. He placed himself at the head as *Princeps*, which, while it implied no substantial power, was looked upon as the highest honorary office. This civic dignity was always held for life.

While he was thus gathering these powers to himself, he prudently waived all formal recognition of his sovereign status. He refrained from reviving the dictatorship, and permitted no one to hail him with the title of "King." Still

he craved a title, and consulted with his trusted friends. Some suggested the name of Quirinus or Romulus, but the one was a god and the other had perhaps been slain as a tyrant. Finally the name "Augustus" was proposed, and it seemed to "fit" the requirements exactly. It had not been borne by a previous ruler, but as an adjective it possessed a noble meaning. The rites of the temples and their gods were "august," and the word itself came from "auguries" by which the divine will was revealed. And so the name of Octavius was dropped, and the lord of Rome stood forth as Augustus Cæsar.

This man was thirty-six years old when he became master of the Roman world, though there was no open establishment of a monarchical government. He aimed to maintain, so far as possible, the old law, to defend his country from foreign aggressions, and to make it as truly great as was within the compass of human endeavor. The example of Julius Cæsar was ever before him, and, since the first Cæsar had been assassinated for grasping at the name of king, the second avoided his error. Remembering, too, that the great imperator lightly regarded religion, Augustus strove to revive the faith of Rome. The decaying temples were repaired, the priesthoods renewed, and the earlier usages of the Republic restored. Augustus did not allow his impulses to lead him astray. He saw with vivid clearness, and the grandest political work ever accomplished by a single man was his, in the establishment of the Roman Empire.

In reflecting upon the ease with which the Romans "passed under the yoke," as may be said, it must be remembered that they had been carried close to the verge of exhaustion by the century of civil strife. Many of the nobler families of Rome had been nearly or quite wiped out, and the survivors were weary of the seemingly endless warring of factions. So many mongrels had mixed their blood with that of the Romans that the pure strain was vitiated. In short, the people were in just the mood, and just the condition, just the epoch had arrived when they needed a single, stern ruler. And since that must be, it was surely fortunate that their sovereign should be Augustus.

He is described as a model in his personal traits and habits. He avoided the personal familiarity with which Julius Cæsar was accustomed to address his legionaries. The elder loved to speak of his soldiers as "comrades," the younger referred to them as his "soldiers" only. While he encouraged the magnificence of his nobles, his own life was of striking simplicity. His home on the Palatine Hill was modest in size and in ornament. While his dress was that of a plain senator, he took no little pride in calling attention to the fact that it was woven by his wife and the maidens in her apartment. When he walked the streets, it was as a private citizen, with only the ordinary retinue of attendants. If he met an acquaintance, he saluted him courteously, taking him

by the hand or leaning on his shoulder, in a way that was pleasing to every one to whom he showed the delicate attention.

He willingly responded to the summons to attend as a witness the suits in which any of his friends engaged, and on occasions of domestic interest he appeared at their houses. He was abstemious in eating and drinking, and was said to have been the last to arrive at the table and the first to leave. He had few guests, and they were generally selected for their social qualities. The discreditable stories sometimes told of him referred to his earlier years, when his habits were open to criticism.

One striking fact regarding the reign of Augustus was the friendship which he secured from the poets. It was Horace who taught others to accept the new order of things with contentment, while Virgil wreathed the empire of the Cæsars in the halo of a legendary but glorious antiquity. The *Aeneid* proved that Octavius was a direct descendant of the goddess Venus and a worthy rival of Hercules. Thus spake the giants among the poets, but there were minor singers as well, who called upon their countrymen to remember in their prayers him who had restored order and brought universal felicity. The citizens were urged in the temples and in their own homes to thank the gods for all their prosperity, and to join with the gods themselves the hallowed name of *Aeneas*, the patron of the Julian race. Then, too, when they rose from their evening meal, the last duty of the day was to call with a libation for a blessing on themselves and on Augustus, whom they called "the father of his country."

No prouder title than this could be conferred upon any Roman. It had been associated in private with their hero, and finally the Senate, echoing the voice of the nation, conferred it on him publicly and with all solemnity. That he was deeply touched was shown in his tremulous response:

"Conscript fathers, my wishes are now fulfilled, my vows are accomplished. I have nothing more to ask of the Immortals, but that I may retain to my dying day the unanimous approval you now bestow upon me."



COINS STRUCK BY ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



ROMANS BURNING A GERMAN VILLAGE

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### "THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME"

ITALY, the centre of the Roman Empire, comprising the whole peninsula from the Alps to the Messina Strait, was divided into eleven regions, governed directly by the *prætor* of the city. The rest of the empire was apportioned between the emperor and the Senate. The extent of the great territory may be given as follows: The boundary on the north was the British Channel, the North Sea, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Black Sea; on the east, the Euphrates and the Desert of Syria; on the south the Great Sahara of Africa; and on the west the Atlantic Ocean. From east to west the extent of this domain was about 2,700 miles, with an average breadth of 1,000 miles. It embraced the modern countries of France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Western Holland, Rhinish Prussia, portions of Baden, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, all of Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Austria proper, Western Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, Servia, Turkey in Europe, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Idumæa, Egypt, the Cyrenaica, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and most of Morocco.

Outside of Italy, the empire was divided into twenty-seven provinces, of which the Western numbered fourteen; the Eastern, eight; and the Southern, five. Within this area were three distinct civilizations: the *Latin*, which embraced the countries from the Atlantic to the Adriatic; the *Greek*, from the Adriatic to Mount Taurus; and the *Oriental*, around Egypt and the Euphrates.

The empire was admirably policed. Peace was so clearly to the interest of the people of the inland shores that the Mediterranean provinces held scarcely

the shadow of a garrison. Each state and town could be trusted to govern itself. There were hardly even defenders of Italy and Rome. Augustus' personal safety was confided to a few body-guards, though during the reign of his successor the battalions were gathered in camp at the gates of the city. The legions forming the standing army of the empire were placed on the frontiers or among the restless provinces. There were three legions in the Spanish peninsula, eight on the banks of the Rhine, two in Africa, two in Egypt, four on the line of the Euphrates, four on the Danube, while two were held in reserve in Dalmatia, where in a contingency they could be readily summoned to Rome. Each of these twenty-five legions contained 6,100 foot and 720 horse, with little variation in their strength for the following three hundred years. The entire military force of the empire, including the cohorts in the capital, was about 350,000 men.

Within this mighty area there were, during the age of Augustus, probably one hundred millions of human beings, of whom one-half were in a condition of slavery. Of the remainder, only a small proportion were Roman citizens, living in Italy, enjoying political independence and having a share in the government. The different lands and their inhabitants were governed by Roman legates, half of whom were appointed by Augustus and the other half by the Senate, and they held supreme military command. Following the wise custom which prevailed from the first, the provinces were allowed to have their own municipal constitutions and officers.

Throughout the district of Latin civilization, embracing the peninsula of Italy and all Western Europe, as well as the North African provinces, the Latin language took firm root, and the whole civilization became Roman.

Greek civilization included Greece and all those regions of Europe and Asia which had been Hellenized by Grecian colonists or by the Macedonian conquerors. Politically their condition was changed, but they remained Greek in language, manners, and customs.

Oriental civilization prevailed in all the Eastern provinces, particularly Egypt and Syria. The people there retained their own languages and religious ideas, and never became Latinized.

Augustus was the first ruler to appoint a regular and permanent naval force. Three powerful armaments were maintained, and, although we have no account of their taking part in regular warfare, they policed the seas, drove away pirates, secured the free carriage of grain from the provinces to Rome, and convoyed the vessels that brought tribute from the East or the West.

Rome was the metropolis of the Roman Empire, and at the height of its prosperity probably contained a population of more than two millions. The circumference of that portion inclosed by walls was about twenty miles, but

drunken gifts of provinces to favorites, finally directing that his body should be entombed with Cleopatra's in the mausoleum of the Ptolemies. All this hideous wickedness being known, every one was ready to believe the story that Antony when drunk had given his pledge to Cleopatra to sacrifice the West to her ambition and to remove to Alexandria the government of the world.

Octavius, while refraining from declaring Antony a public enemy, proclaimed war against Egypt, and did not renew the terms of the Triumvirate which had expired, but directed the Senate to annul the appointment of Antony as consul, assuming it himself at the opening of B.C. 31.

Antony still had friends, and they now begged him to wrench himself free from Cleopatra. He replied by divorcing his legitimate wife, thus breaking the last legal tie that bound him to his country. He could not wholly close his eyes to his peril, however, and showed some of his old-time vigor in preparing to resist Octavius, who was equally energetic in preparations against him.

The forces of Antony are given at 100,000 infantry and 12,000 horse, while his fleet numbered 500 large war-galleys. Octavius had 20,000 less, and only 150 smaller vessels, which on that account were more manageable. The desertion of many of his troops awakened distrust in the mind of Antony, who became suspicious of Cleopatra herself and compelled her to taste all viands before he partook of them. At last the two great armies gathered in front of each other on the shores of the gulf of Ambracia, the narrow channel between being occupied by the fleet of Antony.

This field of war was ill-chosen, for it was confined and unhealthful, and Antony wished to remove his forces to the plains of Thessaly; but Cleopatra, fearing for her own way of retreat, dissuaded him. Distrusting the issue of the battle, he secretly prepared to lead his fleet into the open waters of the Leucadian bay, so as to break through the enemy's line, and escape to Egypt, leaving the army to do the best it could to retreat into Asia.

The wind was so high for several days that the rough waters would not permit the ships of either side to move; but it fell, and, on September 2d, B.C. 31, at noon, while the galleys of Antony lay becalmed at the entrance to the strait, a gentle breeze sprang up, so that the immense armament moved out to sea.

It immediately became apparent that the ships were greatly handicapped by their bulkiness, which held them from moving with the nimbleness of their opponents. They hurled huge stones from their wooden towers and reached out enormous iron claws to grapple their assailants, which dodged and eluded them like a party of hounds in front of a wounded bear. How curiously the account of this naval battle reads when compared with one of our modern contests on the water! The Cæsarean rowers shot forward and backed with great agility,

or swept away the banks of the enemy's oars, under cover of showers of arrows, circling about the awkward masses and helping one another against boarding or grappling. It was a school of whales fighting sharks, but the result was indecisive, for although the whales were wounded, the sharks did not disable them.

Then suddenly took place a shameful thing. Cleopatra's galley, anchored in the rear, hoisted its sails and sped away, followed by the Egyptian squadron of sixty barks. Antony caught sight of the signal, and, leaping into a boat, was rowed rapidly in their wake. Many of the crews, enraged at the desertion, tore down their turrets, flung them into the sea to lighten their craft, and hastened after him, but enough remained to put up a brave fight. Then the Cæsareans, unable otherwise to destroy them, hurled blazing torches among the ships, which, catching fire, burned to the water's edge, and sank one after the other. Thus ended the great sea-fight of Actium. Three hundred galleys fell into the victor's hands, but the army on shore was still unharmed. It was not until its commander abandoned it and sought the camp of Octavius, that the legions surrendered.

Antony and Cleopatra had fled in the same vessel. Proceeding direct to Alexandria, she sailed into the harbor, her galley decked with laurels through fear of a revolt of the people. Antony had remained at Parætonium to demand the surrender of the small Roman garrison stationed there, but was repulsed, and learned of the fate of his army at Actium. In his despair, he was ready to kill himself, but his attendants prevented and took him to Alexandria, where he found Cleopatra preparing for defence. Defections broke out on every hand, and she proposed to fly into far-away Arabia. She commenced the transport of her galleys from the Nile to the Red Sea, but some were destroyed by the barbarians on the coast, and she abandoned the project. Then the distracted woman thought she could seek a refuge in Spain and raise a revolt against Octavius. This wild scheme was also given up, and Antony shut himself up in a tower on the sea-coast; but Cleopatra was not ready to yield, and showed her boy dressed as a man to the people that they might feel they were governed by him and not by a woman.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### "THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME"

**I**TALY, the centre of the Roman Empire, comprising the whole peninsula from the Alps to the Messina Strait, was divided into eleven regions, governed directly by the *prætor* of the city. The rest of the empire was apportioned between the emperor and the Senate. The extent of the great territory may be given as follows: The boundary on the north was the British Channel, the North Sea, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Black Sea; on the east, the Euphrates and the Desert of Syria; on the south the Great Sahara of Africa; and on the west the Atlantic Ocean. From east to west the extent of this domain was about 2,700 miles, with an average breadth of 1,000 miles. It embraced the modern countries of France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Western Holland, Rhenish Prussia, portions of Baden, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, all of Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Austria proper, Western Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, Servia, Turkey in Europe, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Idumæa, Egypt, the Cyrenaica, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and most of Morocco.

Outside of Italy, the empire was divided into twenty-seven provinces, of which the Western numbered fourteen; the Eastern, eight; and the Southern, five. Within this area were three distinct civilizations: the *Latin*, which embraced the countries from the Atlantic to the Adriatic; the *Greek*, from the Adriatic to Mount Taurus; and the *Oriental*, around Egypt and the Euphrates.

The empire was admirably policed. Peace was so clearly to the interest of the people of the inland shores that the Mediterranean provinces held scarcely

the shadow of a garrison. Each state and town could be trusted to govern itself. There were hardly even defenders of Italy and Rome. Augustus' personal safety was confided to a few body-guards, though during the reign of his successor the battalions were gathered in camp at the gates of the city. The legions forming the standing army of the empire were placed on the frontiers or among the restless provinces. There were three legions in the Spanish peninsula, eight on the banks of the Rhine, two in Africa, two in Egypt, four on the line of the Euphrates, four on the Danube, while two were held in reserve in Dalmatia, where in a contingency they could be readily summoned to Rome. Each of these twenty-five legions contained 6,100 foot and 720 horse, with little variation in their strength for the following three hundred years. The entire military force of the empire, including the cohorts in the capital, was about 350,000 men.

Within this mighty area there were, during the age of Augustus, probably one hundred millions of human beings, of whom one-half were in a condition of slavery. Of the remainder, only a small proportion were Roman citizens, living in Italy, enjoying political independence and having a share in the government. The different lands and their inhabitants were governed by Roman legates, half of whom were appointed by Augustus and the other half by the Senate, and they held supreme military command. Following the wise custom which prevailed from the first, the provinces were allowed to have their own municipal constitutions and officers.

Throughout the district of Latin civilization, embracing the peninsula of Italy and all Western Europe, as well as the North African provinces, the Latin language took firm root, and the whole civilization became Roman.

Greek civilization included Greece and all those regions of Europe and Asia which had been Hellenized by Grecian colonists or by the Macedonian conquerors. Politically their condition was changed, but they remained Greek in language, manners, and customs.

Oriental civilization prevailed in all the Eastern provinces, particularly Egypt and Syria. The people there retained their own languages and religious ideas, and never became Latinized.

Augustus was the first ruler to appoint a regular and permanent naval force. Three powerful armaments were maintained, and, although we have no account of their taking part in regular warfare, they policed the seas, drove away pirates, secured the free carriage of grain from the provinces to Rome, and convoyed the vessels that brought tribute from the East or the West.

Rome was the metropolis of the Roman Empire, and at the height of its prosperity probably contained a population of more than two millions. The circumference of that portion inclosed by walls was about twenty miles, but



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